

12.
The WHOLE
PROPHECIES
OF
SCOTLAND,
England, France, Ireland,
AND
DENMARK,

Prophefied by

THOMAS RYMER,

Marvellous MERLING, BEID, BERLINGTON,
WALDHAVE, ELTRAIN, BANESTER,
and SYBILLA.

All agreeing in one; both in *Latin Verfe*, and
in *Scottish Meeter*.

*Containing many Strange and Marvellous Mat-
ters, not before Read or heard of.*

COMPARED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS.

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Sacro & Augusto Monarcho,

J A C O B O,

**Magnæ Britanniae, Galliae & Hiberniae Re-
gi, &c.**

Inviète Regum Regibus edite,
Regnum Britannium qui Imperio regis
Regali, & unus Christiana
Regula, tum Typus es regendi;
Regnum relictum funere regio,
Regnum receptum munere patrio,
Reges beatos, nos regendos,
Usque tuæ soboli relinquens.

A L I U D.

Conditor humani generis, custosque Jehova,
Nil homini tribuit, moderato Principe majus,
In quo vera Dei, vivensque elucet Imago.
Effigiem quam fers, Inviète Monarcha Britannum;
Expectate diu, cui vatum oracula priorum
Aurea compositis promittunt secula bellis.
Vive diu, sed vive Deo, vitæque peracta
Puriter, æterna compositus pace quiescas.

Priscæ Scotorum Prophetiæ.

Scotia mæsta dole, propria jam perditæ prole,
Regibus orba tuis, fraude subactis tuis.
2 Proh dolor! ancilla fit libera, fraus perit illa.
Ignaræ sobolis gens, perit ecce dolis.
3 Magnifici funus Regis, dolor omnibus unus,
Subdita non legi, dat malo Regna regi.
4 O gravis anxietas, sexus dolet omnis, & ætas:
Quem sera mori ræruit, Natio Scota tuit.
5 Priæ terra ferax, artia, natio verax,
Perdida est, quæ tenuere statum,

© Dure

4 *Priscæ Scotorum Prophetiæ.*

- 6 *Duro conflictu, fortunæ mobilis ictu,
Sunt in deterius, versa beata prius.*
- 7 *Sub juga venisti, quæ victrix ante fuisti:
Advena sceptrum gerit, quæ velit, ense terit*
- 8 *Anglorum nati, nec vi, nec more probati
Væ tibi: quod solo præda fuere dolo.*
- 9 *Gens invincibilis, gens fortis, gensque virilis,
Succubuit fati, res miseranda fati.*
- 10 *Gloria Scotorum, vernans ætate priorum,
Vel tantæ cladis, obtenebrata cadis.*
- 11 *Ecce repentinæ sunt hujus causa ruinæ,
Contemptus fidei, fraus, dolus, ira Dei.*
- 12 *Rerum cæcus amor, inopium, oppressio clamor
Fugis, plebs regens, natio legis egens.*
- 13 *Fellus majorum, vitiorum causa priorum,
Peccati fomes legis inepta comes.*
- 14 *Hunc cecinere fatum, veterum præfagia vatum,
Singula votere, quæ cecinere fere.*
- 15 *Scandala, terrores, plagas, variosque dolores,
Ex serie fati, Scotia disce pati.*
- 16 *Gens surgit ex te diversa prosperitate,
Vix poterunt scribi, damna futura tibi.*
- 17 *Sed ne desperes, quæ, tantis luctibus hæres,
Non est perpetua plaga futura tua.*
- 18 *Credo licet fera, veterum præfagia vera,
In bonitate Dei sit tibi cura spei.*
- 19 *Nam quæ tot pateris, quæ jam captiva videris
Tandem solveris, imperialis eris.*
- 20 *Desuper eveniet tibi virtus; Scotia fiet,
Ultima prosperior, quam tua vitia prior.*
- 21 *Promittunt veteres, quod erit tibi bellicus hæres,
Qui sua jura novans, Regna juvabit ovans.*
- 22 *Stragibus immensis sudabit Scoticus Ensis,
Rex perdet cunctos Ultor ubique reos.*
- 23 *Irruit Angligena per eum gens, non sine pæna,
Ense, site, flectu, peste, tremore, metu,*
- 27 *Hostibus afflictis, stratis, per prælia victis,
Scotia tuque tua, placida pace frui.*

Alia



Priscæ Scotorum Prophetiæ.

5

Alia Prophetica.

Millesimus sexagesimus mirabilis annus
Ternus erit, Scotis commoda magna ferens:
Ortus & interitus Regum fatalis, & idem
Anglorum ad Scotum transferet imperium.

Alia Prophetica, de Cathedra Marmorea.

NI fallat, Scoti quocunque locatum
Invenient lapidem; regnare tenentur ibidem.
LAus JOVÆ, variæque hæres, hæres, & Elifæ,
Namque abeunt, tibi at adveniunt, sine sanguine regnæ.

The same in Scotch Metre.

Old Scotch Prophecies.

SCOTLAND be sad now and lamen
Thy child whom thou hast lost:
Bereft of kings, fally undone
By thine unkindly Host.

2 Alas! the free is bound become,
And Deceit is thy Fall,

The falshood of the British race
Has brought thee into thral.

3 The grave of the most noble prince
To all is great regret,

Not subject to law, who doth leave
The kingdom and estate.

4 O Anguish great! where every kind
And age doth lament,

Whom bitter death has ta'en away,
Shall Scotland sore repent.

5 Lately a land of rich increase,
A Nation stout and true,

Has lost their former dear estate,
Which they did hold of due.

A 3

6 By

6 By hard conflict, and by the chance
Of mobile Fortune's force,
Thy hap and thy prosperity
Is turned into worse.

7 Thou wont to win, now is subdu'd
And come in under yoke:

A stranger reigns, and doth destroy
What likes him, with sword's stroke.

8 The English race, whom neither force
Nor manners do approve,
Wo is to thee: by guile and slight
Is only win above.

9 This mighty nation was tofore
Invincible and stout,
Has yielded low to Destiny,
Great pity is but doubt.

10 In former age the Scots renown
Did flourish goodly gay;
But now, alas! is over-cled
With a great dark decay.

11 Then mark and see what is the cause
Of this so wondrous fall,
Contempt of faith, falshood, deceit,
The wrath of God with all,

12 Unsatiabie greed of world's gain,
Oppression, cries of the poor,
Perpetual a slanderous race,
No Justice put in Ure.

13 The haughty pride of mighty men,
Of former vice chief cause,
The nutriture of wickedness,
An unjust match of laws.

14 Therefore this case the prophets old
Of long time did presage,
As now has happened every point
Into your present age:

15 Since fate is so, now Scotland, learn
In patience to abide

Old Scottish Prophecies.

7

Slanders, great fears, and sudden Plagues,
And dolours moe, beside.

16 For out of thee shall people rise
With divers happiness;

And yet a pen can scarcely write
Thy hurt, skaith and distress.

17 And yet beware thou not distrust,
Although o'erwhelm'd with grief,

Thy stroke is not perpetual,
For thou shalt find relief.

18 I do suppose although too late
Old prophecies shall hold,

Hope thou in God's goodness ever,
And mercies manifold.

19 For thou that now a patient is,
And seemeth to be bound,

At liberty shalt free be set,
And with empire renown'd.

20 From high above shall grace come down,
And thy state, Scotland, be

In latter end more prosperous
Nor former age did see.

21 Old prophecies fortell to thee,
A warlike heir be's born

Who shall recover new his right,
Advance his kingdom's horn.

22 Then shall the Scots sword sweat with blood,
And slaughter which they make;

The King himself revenger shall
The guilty troops down wrack.

23 The English nation shall invade,
But not escape a plague,

With sword, with thirst, with tears and pest,
With fear and such like ague.

24 And after en'mies be's thrown down,
And murthered by war,

Then, Scotland, in peace quietly,
Pass joyful days for ever.

When H E M P E is come and also gone
Scotland and England shall be one.

K. K. Q. K. Q.
HENRY, EDWARD, MARY, PHILIP, ELIZA.
the VIII. the VI. of Spain, Q
M's Husb.

H E M P E

Praised be God alone, for *Hempe* is come & gone,
And left us Old *Albion* by peace joined in one.

Tempore patet oculta veritas.

In Time appeareth hidden Truth.

MERLING says in his Book, who will read right,
Although his sayings be uncouth, they will be
In the seventh chapter, read who so will (true found.
One thousand and more after Christ's birth,
When the Charnalider of Cornwall is called,
And the wolf out of Wales is vanquished for aye:
Then many ferlies shall fall, and many folk shall die;
Many felcouth shall be seen in all christian lands,
In the Moon and the Sea, and signs in the Sun;
And in all planets plainly appears to the sky;
Then shall the Lyon be best in the bread north
And a felloe slaw shall fall soon after,
And a shedding of blood within short time:
Both the Moon and the Mernes great dool shall make
And all Mar shall mourn many days after,
The great Bear with his tusks the field shall lose,
A fell shower of the South shall sad him for ever,
And that Leid shall his life lose in, another land.

Then

Then shall a Freik be fostered far in the south,
 And to the Kyth shall he go that he came from,
 With much wealth and worship shall he go home,
 And inhabit Albany unto the end.

Both the yles and Arron at his own will,
 Many men shall laugh when he home comes.
 But much selcouth shall be seen within short time
 At his own kind Blood, there shall he begin,
 Choose of the chiefest, and chop off their heads:
 Some harled in sleds and hanged on hie,
 Some put in Prison and much pain bide.

The Crab shall be out of his clift along time,
 With unkind blood and yet shall recover:
 And other beirns in whole banish for ever:
 Covetice shall be his Name, the King of that Kyth
 For both his hand and his head shall be of flint forged,
 No lord shall live in that land but himself alone;
 But they are bereaved of blifs to keep them in baile,
 Yet shall a man of more vail mar him for ever,
 For suddenly he shall go down and die in a fen.
 There shall no King come in that Kyth for a long time
 But a figure of a flowre, the fairest of the sixth
 The white flower and the red so shall he be called.

In the mouth of Arron a selcouth shall fall,
 Two bloody harts shall be taken with a false train,
 And derfly dung down without any doome:
 Ireland, Orknay, and other lands many:
 For the death of these two great dool shall make.

Then much sorrow is seen within seven years,
 Both the Crab and the Cock they shall escape,
 For more harm at that time shall they not have,
 When the Raven rouns many shall rue,
 From Cornwell to Cathness they shall his cry hear
 When the Gled in his clift is climbe to the hight,
 He counts not the Lyon that he is kind Lord:
 When the graip would govern all and gapes thereafter
 With great gifts of gold the flowre would he get,
 Come he once in his clooks he covers him never.

Then

Then would a poor captive be keeper of the Kyth,
Yet shall it fail the freit that the fool thinks.

When the Cock crows, keep well his comb,
For the Fox and the Fulmart they are false both.
When the Raven and the Rook has rounded together
And the Kid in the clift shall accord to the same,
Then shall they be bold, and soon to bail after,
Then shall the Buck in belling time make a great bear
It is but wind that walks, for he is but away.
Then shall waken up a war and much wo after,
Then the birds of the Raven rugs and reavs,
And the leil men of Lothain be loppen on their horse
Then shall the poor people be spoiled full near,
And the Mers shall mourn many days after,
And all the Abbies truly that stands on Tweed,
And all Lothain shall live on their lives anter,
They shall burn and slay and great reif make,
They dare no poor man say whose man he is.
Then shall the land be lawless, for love there is none,
And falsset shall have foot fully five years,
And truth truly shall be tint, and none shall trust other:
The cosine once shall not trust the other:
Nor the son the father, nor the father the son,
For to have his goods he would have him hanged,
Then shall they a council call for peace of the Kyth,
To make love among lords, but that shall not last:
For those barons and batchellors that will not obey,
That will not keep to their cry, nor come to their call.

Then shall men be marked for their misdeeds,
That shall turn them to tein within a while after,
When 14 are past, and twice three the threep is at end,
And over a water he shall, and fair see for himself,
And in a fair forrest shall an Ern big,
Many men shall loose their life in the mean time;
For they shall pitch a field and fiercely fight;
Upon a broad mure a battle shall be,
Beside a stock crosse that stands in the North,

It is covered with dead corps, and all of Kyth,
That the crow may not know where the crosse stood.

The wolf shall be watchman and keep many ways,
And shall be leil to the Lyon, his own kindly lord,
Holy Church is cumbered with the best of the kyth (last.
With languages that lives not by Christ, but that shall not
From Balcomy to the Basse on the broad sea,
And from Ireland in the Forth shall be a fair sight,
Of barges and billingers, and many broad sail; (hight:
With three libberts, and the flowre de luce fair upon
Then shall a hunter in haste come forth of the south
With many ratches in row ruled for right,
And shall go on his foot over the water of Forth:
And in Fife shall he fight, and the field win:
And the chistains shall die on either side.

When the Man in the Moon is most in his might,
Then shall Dumbarton turn up that is down,
And the mouth of Arrand both at one time,
And the Lord with the lucken hand his life shall he lose,
For covetousness and treason that loses the land.

When the craigs of Tarbet is tumbled in the sea,
At the next summer after sorrow for ever.
Beid's book have I seen, Banester's also,
Marvellous Merling and all accords in one.
Marvellous Merling is waisted away,
With a wicked woman wo might she be:
For she hath closed him in a craig on Cornwell coast.

When the Cock in the North has builded his nest,
Bulked his Birds, and bowned him to flee:
Then shall Fortune his friend the gates up cast,
And right shall have his free entry.

Then rise shall the Moon in the North-West,
In a cloud as black as the bill of a crow;
Then is loosed a Lyon, the boldest and the best,
That was born in Britain since Arthure's days.
Then shall a dreadful Dragon drefs him from his den
To help the Lyon with his great might;

A Bull and bastard spurs shall spend,
To abide with the Bear to reckon his rights.

A Libbered engendered of native kind,
With the stern of Bethlehem shall rise in the South,
An Horse and Anthelop, boldly shall abide,
A Bear and a Brock, with berna so bright.
A proud Prince in the preis lordly shall light,
With bold Barrons in bushment to battle shall wend.
Then shall the Prophecie prove that Thomas of tells,
Many comely Knight is cast under foot,
That shall make maidens mourn that in bowre dwells,
The dreadful day of destiny shall drive to the night:
Shall make maidens and wives in mourning be brought,
Then they met in the morning with the moon-light:
Betwixt Seton and the sea sorrow shall be wrought,
There the Lyon shall be hurt and not perceived,
Then shall he braid to the best, that him the hurt brought.
And many stern in that stound shall sold to the free,
And the proudest in the preis to bail shall be wrought.
The fey Fox and the Fulmart in arms are taken,
And led to the Lyon law to abide:

The Pyper and the Pye shall suffer the same:
All the friends of the Fox shall be fey made.
Then shall Troy untrue tremble for dread,
For dreaddor of the deadman when they hear him speak.
All the commons of the kyth shall cast him the keys
The bushment of Beverlaw therewith shall break.

Then war men and woods, away went,
And every seed in his season kindly is set,
And right well ruled and falshood is fled:
Then shall be plenty of peace when laws have no let,
The spouse of God shall sing with a joyful song,
Thanking God thereof and the Trinity,
And all grace and goodnes shall grow us among,
And every fruit shall have plenty by land and by sea:
Then the Sun and Moon shall shine bright,
That many days afore dark have been,
And keep their course both day and night,

With

With more mirth than men have seen,
 As Berlington's books and Banester us tells,
 Merline, and many mo that with marvels mells
 And also Thomas Rymer in his tales tells.

They say the Saxons shall choose them a lord,
 That shall make them greatly to fall under :
 The dead man shall rise, and make them accord.
 And this is much wonder and sight,
 That he was dead, and buried in sight,
 Shall rise again and live in the land.
 In comfort of a young knight,
 That fortune hath choosen to be her husband,
 The wheel shall turn to him full right.
 That fortune hath chosen to be her sire :
 In surrey shall he shew a sight :
 In Babylon bring many a bern or beir,
 Fifteen miles from Jerusalem the holy crosse win shall he
 The same Lord that bear the lyon,
 At Standford wan the gree.
 Fortune hath granted him the victory,
 Since first that he arms bare :
 For without treason or traitorie,
 Destiny shall not him deir,
 While kind of age till him drive,
 For every man on mold mult die :
 But end he shall in the land of Christ,
 And in the vale of Josaphat buried shall he be.

The Propheste of BEID.

BEtwixt the chief of summer and the said winter,
 Before the heat of harvest happen shall a War,
 That Europe's lands earnestly shall be wrought,
 And earnest envy shall last but a while :

But the Lyon with his lusty flowers,
 For harm of hard heat shall hap him with leaves :
 Then speed and spread him to Spain into winter,
 All flowers in the forth shall follow him on.

Callender shall cry Cornwell the noble,
 And inherit all Albany at his own will,
 Envy to all Alliers anon to be broken,
 Old Almoscyanes, and Albany the same,
 Shall recover castles and tow'rs out of Saxon hands ;
 When Britoners shall bear them with brands of steel,
 There shall no bastard blood bide in these lands.
 Albanus that time king of the earth.

Albanactus king and lord of the land,
 To the lillie shall lean, and love none other.
 The lyon leader of all, and lord of all beasts,
 Shall lean to the lillie and live him with :
 And shall stir him to strive by the stream of Humber,
 The stepsons of the lyon sturdily of themselves,
 They shall start up with strife and stir all at once,
 And strike down the stepsons and destroy them for ever :
 Neither love they the lillie nor the lyon :
 But the lillie shall be loose when they least ween,
 Then all shall happen to the hart happen as it may
 And the tail of the summer toward the harvest.
 Be then the lilly shall be lousfed when they least think.
 Then clear Kings blood shall quake for fear of death.
 For churls shall chop heads of their chief beirns,

And

And carf off the crowns Chrift hath anointed,
All this muft Deftiny drive to an end.

An Eagle of the Eaft, a ventrous beaft,
Shall be glad flowers to fang in the firft feafon,
and fir to the ftepfon, and ftrike them together.
Bind bands brukle and bail to begin:

For he would garlands get of thefe fair flowers,
That in fummer feafon freads fo fair:

But foon shall fail the freit that the fool thinks,
A fell northern flaw shall fade him for ever.

Hereafter on either fide, forrow shall rife,
The barges of clear Barrons down shall be funken
Seculars shall fit in fpiritual feats,

Occupying Offices anointed as they were,
The true title to purchafe that the truth holds,
They shall torment them with torments anew.

Then barrons shall bufk on their beft wife,
Attour the fels, to fair with a fey fox bird;

Turn firft to Chrift with tod's wyles,
But foon the tod shall be tint, and his time lofed,
They shall efcape fuch a check, efchew whofo may,
Then shall the nobleft efcape with the felles,
Yet shall the one Fox in the field efcape:

The falcone shall be lofed in his wings.

Whofo trufts not this tale nor the term knows,
Let him on Merling mean, and his merry words.

As true Thomas told in his time after,
At Standfoord shall he be feen example of their deeds:
Yet it muft overthrow the tod in his bufk.

Bufk thee now Berwick with thy broad walls,
Thou shalt incline to thy king that is thy king lord
As fainct Beid of that burgh in his book faves,
Thou shalt with the lyon lean, and liften for ever,
Though thou be a fubject to Saxons, forrow thou not,
Thou shalt be loofed at laft, believe thou in Chrift,
And every language shall have his lordfhip to brook.

It was not loft but lent for a little time,
Bold Berwick be blyth with thy broad walls,

Thou

Thou shalt to the lyon stoope as lord of his own :
 Let never the libbert lippen longer a day,
 In bold Britain to brooke a foot broad of earth,
 Whoso doubts on this deed, or denies hereon,
 I do them well to know the date is devised :
 Take the formost of middle-earth, and mark by thyself
 With four crescents, closed together.
 Then of the lyon, the longest see thou choose :
 Loose not the lyonesse, let her ly still.
 If thou cast through case course of the heaven.
 Take saint Andrews crosse thrise :
 Keep well these teachments, as clarks have told,
 Thus begins the date, deem as thou likes,
 Thou shalt not cease in thy fate assumed in the text,
 Or the height of thy heat nearest the winter,
 No tail of the tearm will I thee tell.
 But chastity the chiftain of their chief wrongs,
 Or in the height of the harvelt, heard of thyself;
 Shall wicked weird undo, and to right,
 And this ere I wist, I wakened anon :
 Though I write as it was, wist I it not.

The Prophecie of MERLING.

IT is to fall when they it find,
 That fell on face is fain to flee;
 That commedate of stordlings striende,
 Waving through the work of winde:
 The bear his mussel shall upbind,
 And never after bound shall be.
 Away the other shall wave wind,
 And as they come so shall they flee.
 Syce shall up, and sink shall under:
 The dead shall rise and work great wonder:
 And joy shall rise to man and wise,
 The sorrowful shall still of strife.
 All men shall joy of his resurrection,

And

And in special men of religion.
 The mortar is ready, the pestel also,
 The sauce shall be bitter, and that to his Foe,
 The devils also shall helpen to.
 Then the Banks of Beil shall bloom all about:
 Then hie the hurcheon to hales, and close thee therein,
 Thou shalt be werped with a wind, and pluked ilk pen,
 Shall never down on thy skin nor birs be thee left,
 The thunder shall work thy hold to the cold earth,
 Shall never stone upon stone nor ground be thee left,
 And so that wretched work is destroyed for ever.
 There shall a galyart goat with a golden horn,
 A pilledow, with a toade, such a prime hold,
 With their peers in place by a stream side:
 To strive with the stream, but they no strength have,
 For their moving they meet in the mid-way,
 All the grooms shall grounch by the way side,
 And many bairns shall have their byth on the backside.
 And that marvel shall fall by a fyrrh side:
 Where the leader of the land shall his life lose,
 But that bargain shall brew in a bare burgh,
 That shall banish from blisse many bright helme,
 When it is breived of his back, and his breive known
 Of dumb organs dight, then may thou will deem
 Of all the weil and the wealth before then was wrought;
 With hunger and hirship on every hill.
 Yet this wicked world shall last but a while;
 While a christian unchosen chose forth himself,
 And ride over the region, and for Roy holden:
 Then his scutifiers shall skail all the fair south,
 From Dumbarton to Dover and deal all the lands,
 He shall be kid conqueror, for he is kind lord
 Of all Britain that bounds to the broad sea,
 The conquessing shall bekeeped and never conquest after.
 By the coast ye shall know when the Knight comes:
 He has a mark in the middle where no man may know;
 When he is set in the East when the sun riseth:
 He has a sign shall shew on the South side,

Signum venenosi Sanguinis de Ventre Matris suæ.
 All Wales I wish shall wend with that roy,
 For to work his will, where he think would,
 Guiane, Gaskoigne, and Britane the blyth,
 Shall busk to his bidding on their best wife:
 The whole men will help him in his most hight,
 Then shall he turn into Tuscan but treaty or true,
 And busk him over the mountains on mid-winter even;
 And then go to Rome, and rug down the walls,
 And over all the region roy shall he be holden.
 Oft this hook have I seen, and better thereafter,
 Of Marvellous Merling, but is walted away,
 With a wicked Woman who might she be.

The Prophecie of BERLINGTON.

WHen the ruby is raised, rest is there none,
 But much rancour shall rise in river and plain.
 Much sorrow is seen through a slouth hound,
 That bears horns in his head like a wild hart:
 Then a brock shall make a braid on a broad field,
 And an hound shall bear back with a brim face:
 The slouthful slouth-hound shall slay him for ever,
 Through a treaty of a true, a train shall be made
 That Scotland shall rue, and England for ever,
 For the which Gladsmoore and Govanmoore gapes there-
 Then shall the banks of Beil bloom about. (after;
 Then hye the hurcheon to hales, and close thee therein,
 Thou shall be warped with a wind and plucked ilk pen
 Shall never down on thy skin, nor birs be thee left,
 Thunder shall work thine hold to the cold earth:
 Shall never stone upon stone, or ground be thee left,
 And so this wretched beast is destroyed for ever,
 When faith fails in prelates sawes,
 And temporal Lords will hold new laws,
 And lechery holden for privy solace

And

And reef holden for good purchase,
 When Rome is divided into two parts,
 And every Priest hath the Pope's power :
 Then shall the land of Albany
 Be put to great perplexity.
 Man, sin forthink, and niss amend,
 Dread God, do law, think on the end.

Betwixt Templeton and the Basse,
 Thou shalt see a right fair fight,
 Of barges and billengers, and many broad sail,
 With 3 Liberts and the Flower de Luce high upon hight ;
 And so the dreadful Dragon shall rise from his den,
 And from the deep doughty shall draw to the height.

Of Bruce's left-side shall spring out a lease,
 As near as the ninth degree ;
 And shall be esteemed of fair Scotland ;
 In France, far beyond the sea ;
 And then shall come again riding,
 With eyes that many men may see.
 At Aberlady he shall light,
 With hempen helters and horse of tree,
 On Gosfoord green it shall be seen,
 On Gladsmoore shall the battle be.
 Now Albany thou make the bown,
 At his bidding be thou prompt,
 He shall deal both tower and town,
 His gifts shall stand for evermore.
 Then boldly bound thee thereafter,
 Upon a broad moore a battle shall be,
 Beside a stob-crosse of stone,
 Which on the moore stands hie.
 It shall be cleary clad over with corps of knights,
 That the crow may not find where the crosse stood.
 Many wise shall weep, and syce shall under,
 The dead shall rise, and that shall be wonder,
 And rax him rudely in his shire shild,
 For the great comfort of a new King.
 Now hie powoke, with thy proud shoves.

Take thy part of the pelf when the pack opens;
 It shall not be Gladsmoore by the sea,
 It shall be Gladsmoore where-ever it be,
 And the little lowne that shall be,
 Is betwixt the Lowmond and the sea,
 And well is the man in all his life,
 That hath a cote-house in Fife;
 And yet once shall come the day,
 He would the cote-house were away.

And there shall come an hound out of the South,
 With him a raiment of ratches ruled right:
 And aſtor for the keiny shall he come,
 And in Fife shall fight, and the field win:
 Yet shall a northern flaw fail him for ever,
 And kill him to confuſion, and return never.

An eagle then shall come out of the North,
 With a flock of Birds fair at the flight;
 Which shall make many foot founde and fall,
 Then shall a gholt come out of the Weſt,
 With him a fair menye:

Upon the eagle make him bowne,
 But he ſo nye then shall he flee,
 I cannot tell you what he height:
 A baſtard trow I beſt he be.

His name shall not be expremed as now,
 For he was gotten with a lady in privity.
 His doughty deeds without all doubt,
 Shall comfort all his company.

However it happened for to fall,
 The Lyon shall be lord of all.
 The French wiſe shall bear the ſon,
 Shall wield all Britain to the ſea;
 And from the Bruce's blood shall come,
 As near as the ninth degree.

Marvelous Merling, that many men of tells
 And Thomas ſaying comes all at once:
 Though their ſayings be ſelcouth, they shall be ſooth four
 And there shall our glading be,

The

The crow shall sit upon a stone,
 And drink the gentle blood so free:
 Take of the ribs, and bear to her birds:
 As God hath said so must it be.
 Then shall ladies lads wed,
 And brook castles and towers hie.
 Beid hath brieved in his book and Banester also,
 Marvelous Merling, and all accords in one:
 Thomas the true, that never spake false
 Consents to their sayings, and the same term has taken.
 Yet shall there come a keen knight over the salt sea,
 A keen man of courage and bold man of arms.
 A duke's son doubled, a born man in France,
 That shall our mirth amend, and mend all our bairns
 After the date of our Lord 1513, and thrice 3 there after
 Which shall brook all the broad Isle to himself
 Betwixt 13 and thrice three, the threep shall be ended,
 The Saxons shall never recover after.
 He shall be crowned in the kyth, in the castle of dover
 Which wears the golden garland of *Julius Caesar*,
 More worship shall he win of greater worth,
 Than ever Arthur himself had in his days,
 Many doughty deeds shall he do thereafter,
 Which shall be spoken of many days better.

The Prophecie of THOMAS RYMER.

S T I L L on my way as I went,
 Out through a land beside a lee,
 I met a bairn upon the way,
 Me thought him seemly for to see,
 I asked him wholly his intent?
 Good sir, if your will be,
 Since that ye bide upon the bent,
 Some uncouth tidings tell you me:

When shall all these wars be gone?
 That leil men may live in lee,
 Or when shall falshood go from home?
 And Lawghty blow his horn on hie?
 I looked from me not a mile,
 And saw two knights upon a lee;
 They were armed seemly new,
 Two crosses on their breasts they bare,
 And they were clad in diverse hew;
 Of sundry countreys as they were.
 The one was red as any blood;
 Set in a shield a dragon keen,
 Right to the other bairn him by.
 His horse was all of silver shine,
 In it a ramping Lyon keen,
 Seemly into gold was set,
 His border was of azur sheen,
 His shield was shaped right seemly:
 With silk and sable well was plet.
 I looked from over a green,
 And saw a lady on a lee,
 That such a one had I never seen,
 The light of her shined so hie,
 Attour the moor whiereat she soore,
 The fields me thought fair and green.
 She rod upon a steed full stoore,
 That such a one had I seldom seen,
 Her steed was white as any milk,
 His top, his tail, were both full blae,
 A sad saddle sowed with silk;
 As all were gold it glittered fa,
 His harnessing was of silk of inde,
 Set with precious stones free:
 He ambled on a noble kind,
 Upon her head stood crowns three,
 Her garments was of gowels gay,
 But other colour saw I none,

A flying fowl then I saw,
 Light beside her on a stone.
 A stoop into her hand she bare,
 And holy water she had readie,
 She sprinkled the field both here and there,
 Said here shall many dead corps lye,
 At yon bridge upon yon burn,
 Where the water runs bright and sheen,
 There shall many steeds spurn,
 And knights die through battle keen.
 To the two knights then did she say,
 Let be your strife my knights free,
 Ye take your horse, and ride your way,
 As God hath ordained so must it be.
 Saint Andrew thou hast the right :
 Saint George thou art mine own knight :
 Thy wrongous heirs shall work thee wo.
 Now are they on their ways gone,
 The ladie and the knights two :
 To that beirn then can I ment,
 And asked tydings by my fay,
 What kind of light was that, I said,
 Thou shewest to me upon yon lee?
 Or wherefrom came yon knights two?
 They seemed of a far country.
 That ladie that I let thee see,
 That is the queen of Heaven so bright,
 The fowl that flew by her knee,
 That is Saint Michael, much of might :
 The knights two the field to ta,
 Where many men in field shall fight:
 Know you well it shall be sa,
 That die shall many a gentle knight,
 With death shall many a doughty deal,
 The Lord shall be then away,
 There is none herrel that can tell,
 Who shall win the field that day.
 A crowned king in arms three,

Under the banner shall be set:
 Two false and fained shall be,
 The third shall light and make great let.
 Banners five again shall strive,
 And come in on the other side:
 The white Lyon shall beat them down,
 And work them wo with wounds wide.
 The bears head with the red lyon
 So sweetly into red gold set,
 That day shall slay the king with crown
 Though many lords make great let.
 There shall attour the water of Forth,
 Set in gold the red lyon,
 And many Lords out of the North,
 To that battle shall make them bown,
 There shall crescents come full keen,
 That wears the crosse as red as blood;
 On every side shall be sorrow seen,
 Defouled is many doughty food.
 Beside a loch upon a lee,
 They shall assemble upon a day,
 And many doughty men shall die,
 Few in quiet shall be found away.
 Our scottish king shall come ful keen,
 The red lyon beareth he:
 A feddered arrow sharp I ween,
 Shall make him wink, and warre to see,
 Out of the field he shall be led,
 When he is bloody and wo for blood;
 Yet to his men then shall he say,
 For God's love turn you again,
 And give yon southern folk a fray:
 Why should I lose? the right is mine,
 My date is not to die this day.
 Yonder is falshood fled away.
 And laughty blows his horn on hie;
 Our bloody king that wears the crown,
 Full boldly shall the battle bide,

His Banner shall be beaten down,
 And hath none hole his head to hide,
 The sterns three that day shall die,
 That bears the heart in silver sheene:
 There is no riches, gold nor fee
 May lengthen his life an hour I ween.
 Thus thro the field the knight shall ride,
 And twice rescue the king with crown,
 He shall make many a banner yeeld.
 The knights that bears the tods three,
 He will by force the field to tae;
 But when he sees the lyon die,
 Think ye well he will be wae.
 Beside him lights beirns three,
 Two are white, the third is blae,
 The tods three shall slay the two,
 The third of them shall make him die.
 Out of the field shall go no more,
 But one knight and knaves three.

There comes a banner red as blood,
 In a ship of silver sheen,
 With him comes many ferly food,
 To work the Scots much hurt and woe.
 There comes a ghost out of the west,
 Is of another Language than he;
 To the battel bowns him best,
 As soon as he the senyour can see:
 The raches works them great wanrest,
 Where they are rayed on a lee:
 I cannot tell who hath the best,
 Each one of them makes other die.
 A white swane set into blae,
 Shall semble from the south sea,
 To work the northren folk great woe,
 For know you well thus shall it be,
 The staiks aught with silver set,
 Shall semble from the other side,
 Till he and the swane be met;

There

They shall work woe with wounds wide,
 Thro wounds wide their weeds hath wee,
 So boldly will their beirns bide,
 It is no reck who gets the best,
 They shall both die in that same tide.

There comes a Lord out of the north,
 Riding upon a horse of tree,
 That broad lands hath beyond forth.
 The white hind beareth he,
 And two raches that are blew,
 Set into gold that is so free,
 That day the eagle shall him slay,
 And then put up his banner hie.
 The Lord that bears the losans three,
 Set into gold with gowels two:
 Before him shall a Battel be,
 He wears a banner that is blew,
 Set with peacocks tails three,
 And lussy ladies heads two:
 Unfaine of one, each other shall be,
 All through grief together they go,
 I cannot tell who wins the gree,
 Each one of them shall other slay.
 The eagle gray set into green,
 That wears the Harts heads three,
 Out of the south he shall be seen,
 To light and ray him on a lee.
 With fifty five knights that are keen,
 And earls either two or three,
 From Carlil shall come bedeen:
 Again shall they it never see,
 At Pinkin Cleugh there shall be spilt
 Much gentle blood that day,
 There shall the bear lose the gylt,
 And the eagle bear it way.

Before the water men calls Tane,
 And there over layes a bridge of stone,
 The bears three shall lose the gree,

There shall the eagle win his name:

There comes a beast out of the west,

With him shall come a fair menyé,

His banner hath been seldom seen,

A Bastard trow I best he be?

Gotten with a ladie sheén

And a knight in Priviti.

His arms are full eath to know,

The red lyon beareth he.

That lyon shall forsaken be,

And be right glad to be away:

Into an Orchard on a lee,

With herbs green and allies gray

There will he enlaked be,

His men says, Harmesay;

The eagle puts his banner on hie,

And says the field he won that day,

There shall the lyon ly full still,

Into a Valley fair and bright:

A lady shouts with words shril,

And says, Wo worth thee cruel knight,

Thy men are slain upon yon hill,

To dead are many doughty dight.

Thereat the lyon liketh ill,

And raifeth his banner hie on hight:

Upon the moor that is so gray,

Beside an headless crosse of stone;

There shall the eagle die that day,

And the red lyon shall win the name.

The eagles three shall lose the gree:

That they have had this many a day:

The red lyon shall win renown,

Win all the field and bear away.

One crow shall come, another shall go,

And drink the gentle blood so free.

When all these ferlies were away,

Then saw I none, but I and he:

Then to the beirn could I say,

Where

The

Where dwells thou ; or in what countrey ;
 Or who shall rule the isle Britain,
 From the north and to the south sea ?
 The French Wife shall bear the son,
 Shall rule all Britain to the sea :
 That of the Bruces blood shall come,
 As near as the ninth Degree.
 I framed fast, what was his name ?
 Whence that he came ? from what country ?
 In Erslingtown, I dwell at hame,
 Thomas Rymer Men call me.

The Prophecie of WALDHAVE.

U Pon Lowdon law alone as I lay
 Looking to the Lennox, as me life thought,
 The first morning of May, medicine to seek,
 For malice and melody, that moved me sore.
 I lyed down, and leaned me, and listid well to sleep,
 Upon the height of an hill as the voice bade.
 And as I lyed down, and heilded mine eyes,
 So heard I an hoarse voice, and an hie cry,
 That bade me, Waldhave beware, and me will keep
 For fear of a wild beast, that his weird dries.
 Therewith I stonisht, stood, and start on my feet,
 And sained me on every side, as the voice bad,
 Then I looked but let, lightly me frae,
 And saw an birsal in hie, of hares together,
 An hundreth I hope, well wholly there was :
 Then of foxes, a flock, fully five score ;
 All following on a fierce beast, that rudely them chaste,
 That was all wood through weird woful to see.
 Right ragged and rent, and riven in pieces :
 A battle with like bastoun, he bore on his broad luses,
 Like a brimful beirn, battle to make.

He thought to effray, and them fast pressed,
 As he in fold would them fang, firm at his will:
 But when he saw me with fight, soon he them left
 And when he shundered away, no more I them saw.
 Then groaning grimly, he girt to me soon,
 As Gerrert the great shrew had done for the nonce,
 He struck fast with his staff and stonist me sore.
 But I kepted him by Christ, with a keen weapon,
 That was my sword, till I swat, swinging me about,
 And a buckler well abroad, that kepted me best.
 So freshly he forced me meet for to make,
 That he shundered on the Fold, and his feet snapered,
 The baston on the bent sore brased him frae,
 And I but baid on his breast, bowned myself;
 All groffing on the ground graciously him held,
 Through grace of the great God, that had me warn'd;
 He yelped, he yalmered, and youled loud,
 And struggled fast his strength, and struck upon lost,
 But I held him by the hair as mine hap was,
 And height to hurt him full sore, but he him still held;
 And conjured him by Christ, and his mother dear,
 That he should shew me to his kith and kin.
 But long was it that he lay ere he speak might,
 And at the last he can leave, and lightly he said,
 Waldhave, wit thou, that well hath thee hapned;
 Thou thought not that thy weird this wrought should be
 But let me rise of this race, and rest thee beside:
 And I shall readily, without riot, thee marvels tell:
 Great grace hast thou gotten, that got me this time,
 I shall grieve thee no more, so is thy grace turned.
 But yet I trusted not his tale while he his truth gave,
 By the law and the lead, that he lived on;
 That I sure should be, and safe, and none ill betide.
 Then let I him rise, and leaned on his shoulder,
 And great marvel on his face, and his form had.
 He was formed like a freik all his four quarters;
 And then his chin and his face haired so thick,

With

With hair growing so grim, fearful to see,
 I frained at him formost, the fear of himself,
 Why his figure and his face was so fierce made?
 If wearie of the world? or what him ailed?
 He girmed, he garpsed, and groaned full sore,
 Wept with his grey eyes, and suddenly he said,
 Good game all the day, is as God will:
 For he is grieved through my guilt, and I no grace served,
 My wild wanton will, and my misdeeds,
 I may know of all woe, and my weird alas!
 Because of my sin that I served ever,
 Hath this sorrow, and this sight sent unto me,
 By trouble of my kin, that I am off come,
 Hath me turned into this care, and careful me made:
 That I have no hope of help, so help me our Lord,
 While he that put me in grief once grace send,
 Frain thou no further of my foot lets.
 Of other works, as I wate, ask if thou likes:
 Thine etling thou ask may, for answer I shall,
 In woods and wilderness, where my way lies
 That I hearkned and heard, I height thee to say,
 Then frained I fiercely of this frivole world:
 What to be of war, if he weist ought?
 Or who should weild us in this world, that sorrow drees
 To give us of good will, and get us to peace?
 If there is fruits in this world, that so much worth is?
 Should have fusion or force, and any fair after?
 And then he looked to the ground, and wept all a-while
 And he groaned for grief, weeping he said,
 Much anger and evil hath this isle choosed,
 All through Oggered and Cist, and Elvines knight,
 Brutus thy bairntime has much bail chosen,
 Since first in Britain to leind thou was brought:
 Sicknes and sorrow, and forenes set with syth,
 When thou sembled to the sea, under sail found:
 Noraoway hath neddered them, and to meed brought:
 That hath newed their names, and named themselves
 English, that are Eastfood, and Edryons bairns;

But all the anger that they make, their own shall be,
 That Westmoorland, wo mot thee betide;
 For thou with war and thy wrong bairns;
 When thou mels with the mers and mixed with the same,
 Much malice and mischief thou made for thy self.
 Beirns and Banners thou brought upon loft,
 With burning and bail hath wrought sorrow,
 Carlile thy captains hath much wo wrought: (little.
 Thou shalt compelled be with care, thou thinks it but
 Thou shalt thy gates yarn, thou yarns not thereafter,
 Thou shalt yaimur and yel that all York shall it hear:
 Then the town shall be tint-trow thou not else:
 Thy tops and turnats tumbled to the ground,
 No false fortune so fell, has thee at feed,
 That force shall fail thee when thou best thinkest,
 And lippens on London to lead thee for ever,
 On Linton and Lindsay, and Lancaster shires,
 There shall a lyon be lowfed that a lord is,
 Both of London and of Lorn as the law will,
 He shall alleage to be Leige, and a law make:
 Leave nought upon loft, but walte them for ever,
 All the strenghts of the cost, and castles every one
 He shall inclose them to his crown, and over them come,
 Burgane, Bamburg, as he by rides:
 And Butlings beat it down and burn it for ever,
 The water shall welcome him, and the weaves of the sea:
 While he have won in hie all that he thinks.
 Through his truth upon Tweed, shall be turned after,
 If who will count the time of the year,
 If even eeking the hour, and the day come,
 And angred for evermore, this old men devises,
 Needles thou Norham for nought that thou lookest,
 There is a Neker in the north thy nest shall destroy:
 Thou shalt be waisted of thy works for thy wrong deeds,
 There shall no warrand thee weir that thou winks after:
 A black bear, and a brock, and a bull head
 A boar whelp, with a brock, and a broad head
 Shall them bound in their bours&bear them down forsoth
 And

And build them up their walls, as they best think.
 Red Roxburg thy role, and reddie thee bown,
 Thy root is now raised up, and rotten in sunder:
 Three ravens and rook shall on thy tock sit,
 And rolp shall they that Rome shall it hear.
 From Ros to Rosdeen was that right may be,
 Redy the Rescours, thou rests no more,
 For it is but Reason the rights and rents be gathered,
 What janglest thou Jedburgh? thou jags for nought,
 There shall a guilful groom dwell thee within,
 The tower that thou trusts in, as the truth is,
 Shall be traced with a trace, trow thou none other:
 The new castle is keen, kept full well,
 Thereto take ye good heed, nor come not therein:
 A bird with a hand-bow shall the herd keep,
 Hie in a holine, and in a hair wood,
 Both his horns shall be hang, and haste him therewith.
 Drefs thee now Dumbar, and do for the time,
 Thou hast a dread for the Drake, that thee drown would,
 Thine heels are so hard set, with halmers of steel,
 Well heavy therefore, hold thee full still,
 The new work that is next on the north stream
 Shall east a blink to the bas, when the blink shines
 Be it guided with wit, and will be no waister.
 There shall no waister it weild, nor none evil doer.
 Hailes, hold thee at home, so hold I it best,
 For hap thou to Halidown, thou art hurt for ever:
 There is an Hurtchen in a Hurst, in Heriot moor
 Hath marred thy myrsnap in minto craigs;
 That hath mansions moved maugre of his teeth.
 Dirlton and Dalteith, they dread no more else,
 But the down and the dow that the drake leads:
 The dragon they drown wold but devise of France,
 Doth for them doughtly, as he hath done ever;
 Edinburgh that old craig is engender'd full sore,
 For the awe of the erne that in the east builds,
 He that hath a falcons feire, that in far lands,
 Both his feddering and his flight, and his flight gathered.
 Needlese

Needless they noy them, that is for nought;
For they never in the nest shall nourish their birds.

Striveling that strait place, a strength of the land,
Why with Strabrock and Strathren strives thou to yarn,
When Strabogie shall destroy all the Straiberries:
The Strands of Strabock shall stream them with blood,
Three storks in a stall shal stand them before,
Stuffed all in steel weed, all on horse back:
Their stoutness shall stint and stonish themselves,
For stroaks so strive shall stent them within.

Do now Dumbarton, while thy days last:
A wretched cloud in the west, as elders thee call:
For thou art in a craig, thou now care dreads
Bear the well to Bothwel, and build it up all.
Then Crawford and Cumnock, with clean men of arms
Let not light the lois leap out of town:

For thou art lord of the lands, and a new Alban king,
To Dowglas now do well, and it dear hold:

For Dowglas as the doughty may endure well:
Deal the best of the lands, that longeth thee to,
Feed them with fairness, and with fair words,
Fy on the fellowship that hath a false end.

Captive and curst men are cumbered for ever,
There may no cative by Christ this kindred defend,
Laughty and largeness are two love things,
He that his life gave, loves them well.

Knights and christen men thereto heed take,
Cast the curst men in care, but they to Christ turn,
Think on Dumbarton the hold in old birns time,
That thou art but a beeld, and in that land chief,
Thou shalt take heed to this token that I shal thee tell,
Believe it is as truly as it were written:

When the lowmond law shal its leave take,
From the land of Lennox, and leave it for ever;
Leap lightly with loup, and look thee about,
And mantle all the craig with a tower wall.

With barges and ballengers to rush at the Gates,
That both fish and fowl that on flight goes.

Be stirred up freshly, and fair them within,
Then is Dumbarton burnt all to powder,
And all in a cloud: thy war ended for ever.

And if ye fail of this freit after xiii years,
Year ye valply, and yairn ye no more.

The castle of Carrick that on a craig stands,
Shall cry upon Cumnock for a true nest:
That into Clodsdail coast clevers full fast,
In an holine so hie by an elf busk.

Then shall the Golloway grooms get on their mares,
Three tods and a tersel shall tene all the woods:

From Tynemouth to Tultie, and be tole free:
But a goshawk of growth shall grieve him then,
And get on a gray mare, that in grass rests.

In a gow of Gowrie by a gray stone,
He shall tulie both the tods, and the tub also,
And with the teind that is taken, turn into France.

Two wechers and a wolf shall the field make,
Betwixt a Yow and a Lamb that leads the flock
Before Butler the bargane shall begin:

All it is bootles his bages he ript.

Then shall the Yle of Rosay be rank full of side bushes,
That each man rews them, for ruth of his heart,
That would rend from the roode, and no rest thole.

A cative in a craig shall a towre build,
And cry to Craig-Fergus the craw done is ever,
For a book in but, as a bull horne,
Bound with a bugle, blow when he likes,

A pround pown in a prefs Lordly shall light:
With Piots and Pillidows pudled in the crown,
Plain power of the Pope must the Pown have,
To pluck and to punish, and part them about.

A Pyot shall partly appeal him again,

For his part of the pelf and the pown wrong.

There shall much sorrow and strife stir them once,
That shall the Sterlings trouble, that stirs with wings
An Hare with an Hurcheon and the Hinde calf,
Shall hie them in holy land, and hold them therein,

While

While gray hound them grype on the greek sea;
 And go with them griveously, where him lief likes;
 There shall no gaming them glee, while the gray hound
 Gryp the gray hound, and greive him full sore,
 And buffet him bitterly, then bite him with war,
 Go musing upon Merling if thou wilt,
 For I mean for no more, man at this time.

Then I studied stood and him held still:

Then he could sturdily stir with his broad eyes,
 But I couth further fraine, for his fathers soul,
 If ever Freick on this fold formed himself,
 That he should witter me some way if he wist ought,
 What of this world and this war should after betide?
 Then as a lyon he looked me on,
 Like as a leep would and tent me insunder.
 He said weens thou Waldhave, I ween into Heaven
 That I may in this world all my wit have.
 No, thou get it that of God, there gains none other,
 To whom he gives the grace they are of good life:
 But this tale that I tell you, ye shall trust it well,
 It is tratling, but truth, the sooth thee ro say,
 I move it into my mind how the sooth stands,
 Muse on as thou may, the matter tho fraines
 Tho sins if thou freienes friand farther I tell,
 I have enough Waldhave my way for to make,
 Here in wildernes I dwell, my weird for to dree.

Waldhave conjured the Spirit to shew much
 more of fundry things to come, as follow-
 eth.

BOT somewhat shall I say as sooth I heard,
 Amongst siedges unfound that over sooth is:

Three Mairs of the Mers, shall mary themselves,
 With the Merticks of Mar that they much love.
 Those brime beasts wild, shall bite full bold,
 To baile and to barter bairns anew.
 Then shall he first with the bucks head,
 The other a bear that is brime, shall brue much care.
 The third a bull with a bear that bears horns,
 Hudge and hideous on every side high,
 These three shall raik and reve in the wild north,
 There shall none other ride these ryotous beasts,
 A cock with a keen comb shall compass them with
 All whole the ways where the land lyes.
 With such a screik and cry shall their kind rise,
 That the kinneck be Christ shall be cambered thereof:
 But the happier half shall the cock have;
 For he is higher of head and hurts the less,
 These false Lurdans life lasts but a while,
 Till the Liberts in a ling from London shall come,
 And lean toward Lothian in Linlithgow shire,
 Toward Glasgou they go, graithly thereafter,
 Attour the hills where the way lies,
 And on Govan moor graithed them to sleep,
 Then a lyon as a lord shall leap them among,
 And learn them a lesson though they loath think,
 Fell Felconds in field shall their fey worth,
 And their formales so far steemed for ever:
 Then Purvey the Powock with the proud shawes,
 Thou shall have part of the pelf when the pack opens.
 Then a Chiston unchosen, shall choose forth himself,
 And ride through the realm, and Roy shall be called;
 Then shall Wales worthily dwell upon loft,
 And choose them a chief Lord of royalty holden,
 Scots heirs of Scotland shall scale them full wide,
 In Humber shall brulye, their right for to have,
 Gresson and Godrant that were great Lords,
 They were trylied in that time with untrue folk,
 Heaven, and even heirs of the land,

Shall

Shall rent them, and reel in their way,
 And noy all the noraways that has them wrong wrought,
 When dead shall rise, and marvels shew,
 Look him flat in face, and none shall him know:
 Then the liele with notable bairns,
 Send bodwart in Britane to the bairn bold,
 Bids him blythly abide in battle joynt,
 Then a lyon shall leap loose out of hands:
 The sixth out of Ireland, noblest of deeds,
 But when he is loose, then rest is there none,
 When the syce is up, and they sink under,
 Then shall the dead rise, and work great wonder.
 Among kind men in kith kindle shall care,
 There shall a counsel sit that shall whole banks bear,
 Then Saxons are set with subtile thoughts,
 And proves partly to prick with pairty faces,
 And Wales warps up with wonderful deeds:
 And Ireland help that head to his most hight:
 And all Yorkshire shall help, prove when he likes,
 He shall bind him to hide, with bairns anew.
 Enter up at a side, where the sea fills,
 In his own kind ground, where that he was born,
 With dignity and dear men that him well loves.
 For to conquest the clear crown of England's line.
 But all would fail, were not force that the fool thinks
 He should be so subtilly sold, were not Christ would,
 That this dolorous date mult drive to an end:
 And the bastards blood left is for ever.
 Then in Britain, that day see who so will,
 Shall never bastard brook a foot broad of earth;
 He shall be hurled and harled, and hasted to death,
 With a wolf out of Wales, and bring him out of dayes,
 And conquest the clear crown of England's right,
 He shall bring all England into good peace:
 While an hunter shall rise, and reign in the north,
 Rax up his banners with riotous beirnes,
 For safety and supply of Bruces lands,

Much sturt and strife shall stiere a while,
 From the north to the south sea, who so list:
 For when the towers of Torin is tumbled in the sand
 With hunger and hard life, and falshood on lost,
 Within seven years after great wonder shall be seen,
 By that the Libberts race is fastly at an end.
 Then the lillie so leil shall lend in his hands:
 And to the lyon shall get lordships great;
 For the lyon shall arrive at Carlisle,
 And leap on the land, as lord of the ground,
 He shall leind in the land, with his leif beirnes,
 And lame the Libbert and loose him for ever,
 Shall never the Libbert leap one day after.
 In bold Britane to brook, the date is near passed.
 That king shall deal and part all the broad lands,
 To the Bruces blood, and other bold knights,
 That shall go with the way to the wengin of Christ,
 In the Vale of Josaphat seen shall he be.
 Where many Saryans shall quake with their hearts
 When the dead man shall rise, and shew them a sight,
 As marvelous Merling hath said of before.
 Take heed to this tale, that I now thee tell,
 And trust it as truly as it were written:
 When that falshood hath foot and freedom is lost,
 And covetous hath the Kyth at his own will;
 When that Laughty is laid low under foot,
 And kindnesse is courtesie his friends to beguile;
 And no truth shall be shewed unto christian lands,
 But all bent to deceit, and none trust other,
 Not the father the son in his bodily oaths,
 Holy kirk shall have no girth, but plainly overturned;
 And Lechery on lost, and none spare other;
 And each blood with other knits together,
 The law of our Saviour is quite forgotten,
 This is a true talking that Thomas of tell,
 That the hare shall hirple on the hard stone,
 In hope of grace, but grace gets she none.

Then

Then Gladsmoore and Govan shall gape thereafter,
 Think not long on this, for it is near hand,
 When the lamb is loose, that the holy kirk keeps,
 Then falshood is set in seeges of Rome,
 And works for the warrand that the cure wan:
 Many seeges shall sigh within short time after,
 And many marvels shall be seen within short time.
 When the mouth of Arrane the top hath overturned
 Then shall Dumbarton mell of old done deeds:
 And so shall Arrane hop in a new man's hands:
 In hope of Dunbar, when hails shall halt,
 When the hunter shall come with his kind ratches
 Hunt Fotherick and Fyfe and the field win.

When summer is winter, and winter is weet,
 With warping wind and tempest greet,
 Then falshood is ready his friend to beguile,
 With hunger and hirship over all the broad lands;
 Then shall the poor people be spilled full near,
 The leed with the lucken hand is brought out of dayes,
 Subtily his life shall lose and many an other,
 And many doughty shall die for that deed:
 And many leed in the North shall their life lose,
 For covetous and treason them loses the land:
 Many a wife and maiden shall wring both their hands,
 Before this wicked war be brought to an end.
 The first root of this war shall rise in the North,
 That the isles in Ireland shall mourn for them both,
 And the Saxons seased into Brutes lands.

When the moon is dark in the first of the number,
 With four crescents to eke forth the dayes,
 And thrice ten, is selcouth to see,
 With an L to lowse our the rest of the number,
 Syne let three and two thirleps as they will,
 This is the true date that Merling of tells,
 And gave to King Uter Arthurus father.
 And for to meen and muse with these merry words,
 For once Britane shall be in a new knights hands.

Whose hap to bide shall see with his eyes,
 And Merling and Waldhave have said of before,
 And true Thomas told in his time after:
 As saint Beid in his book brieved the same,
 Mute on, if ye may, for mister ye have.
 I shall give you a token, that Thomas of tells,
 When a lady with a lady shall go over the fields,
 And many fair thing weeping for dread,
 For love of their dear friends lies looking on hills,
 That it shall be woe for to tell the teind of their sorrow;
 Then shall be wasted their chief lands.
 Where God curses with his mouth, dead must follow.
 Now wot thou Waldhave, my will is way to passe,
 Too wood wildernesse, where my way lyes;
 Then is Libberts three lamed for ever;
 And the lyon shall be lord and leader forsooth.
 And all Britane the broad shall him bow to,
 And his barnage bold shall him bliss keep.
 Then shall fruit well and fassion of corne,
 If freedom and friendship his fyance be holden:
 Cry ye christen men on Christ, and honour our king,
 Of all cares and cures, in this coast angers.
 And thus he fundered me fra, I frained no longer,
 But I marvelled fast at his fair head.
 I studied right stably, all stonishd thereof,
 That I winked ere I wist, and wrought upon sleep
 And when I waken'd, written I found,
 All these words on war, wanted there none,
 Brieved on a broad book, and on my brest laid.
 Blessed be the Brierer that the book wrote,
 Then can I make mo to muse, and melling therewith,
 The first morning of May, this marvel I saw,
 As I lay mine alone on Loudon Law,
 Looking to the Lennox as me lief thought.

The Propheſie of GILD.

When holy kirk is wrecked and will has no wit,
 And paſtors are pluckt, and pield without pity.
 When Idolatry is in Ens and Re;
 And ſpiritual paſtors are vexed and away,
 And all eſtates in ſight are unknown,
 Becauſe of their cloathing, cunning or craft,
 Spiritually ſuſpended, ſubverted and ſuſpected,
 Denying their duty to God, and their debt,
 Prompted up like princes, as the peacock proud,
 Refuſing their religion and their right rule;
 Then in the north a wicked wind ſhall blow,
 That all the realm ſhall rue right ſoon thereafter.
 The gray hound ſhall be grieved and driven at under,
 And tramped for his truth to whom he kept truſt.
 The kindeſt of his kith ſhall not him know,
 But him and his miſknow that ever they never knew,
 Then ſhall many ferly fall right ſoon after,
 And from Caithneſs to Doyer ſhall walk but war,
 And mourn for his miſfortune, that failed ſo ſoon.
 But better mourn for themſelves, for need they have.
 Hales, when thou halteſt herple not but hold thee,
 If thou ſpeakeſt where you ſpoke, it ſhall able ſkald thee:
 The barred lyon laleſſe at thee ſhall be grieved,
 Shall ſearch and ſeek thee to deſtroy thee for ever;
 Yet ſhall a beirn from Barwick buſk him and bown,
 And ſearch the treading of trewes that were afore tane.
 By the heedleſs people, that held at their own hand,
 The holes whole, and the herds had deſtroyed.
 Reaſon ſhall be ſought, and granted ſhall be none;
 The movers thereof ſhall mene and may not mend.
 Then ſhall the counſel which cumbered hath the kith
 Call for comfort, but long they may crave,

They

They marked to the highest, and to overhale the old;
 But all in vain they work, they shall not prevail;
 They shall work unwise, and wit shall they lack.
 Then varied their weird, that ever they were wrought,
 Then shall the Ratches in this region take,
 And run their race rudely but ony return.
 The best of the Kyth shall cry for support;
 But scarce shall they rise, they shall be so swift;
 The hound which was harmed, then missed shall be,
 Who loved him worst, shall weep for his wrack.
 Yet shall a whelp rise out of the same race,
 That rudely shall raise, and rule the whole north,
 And quite the whole quarrel of old deeds done,
 Though he from his hold be kept back a while.
 The cock dare not crow, tho it be his kind,
 But keep himself close, while come shall his time.
 Prepare thee Edinburgh, and pack up thy packs:
 Thou shalt be left void, be thou lief or loath;
 Because thou art variant, and steemed thy faith,
 Through envy and covetousness, that cumbered thee ever.
 True Thomas me told in a troublesome time,
 In an harvest morning at Eldon Hills.

The Prophecie of the English Chronicles.

THere shall proceed an holy heremite in king El-
 tridus time; in this manner in the book of king
 Henry the sixth, saying, these Englishmen, forasmuch
 as they use to drunkenness, treason, and carelessnesse of
 God's House; First by the Danes, then by the Nor-
 mans, and the third time by the Scots, that they hold
 the most wretches, and the least worth of all other, they
 shall be overcome and vincust. Then the world shall be
 unstable.

The

The Prophecie of Sybilla & Eltrain

WHen the goat with the golden horn is chosen to the
The next year thereafter Gladsmore shall be. (sea
Whoso likes for to read

Marvellous Merling and Beid,
In this manner they shall proceed.

Of things unknown,

The truth now to record :

And from the date of our Lord,

Tho that it be shown ;

Take a thousand in calculation,

And the longest of the Lyon ;

Four Crescents under one Crown,

With Sanct Andrew's crosse thrise :

Then threescore and thrise three ;

Take heed to Merling truely :

Then shall the wars ended be,

And never again rise.

In that year there shall be a King,

A Duke and no crowned King,

Because the Prince shall be young,

And tender years.

Much sorrow and strife,

Shall be in Lowthian and Fife,

Through the Fulmarts false tears.

The Maudragill Moldiwarte,

Through the supplie of the fained Hart,

And launcing of the Libbert,

Lincked in a laice :

In Fife and Lowthian shall stand,

With many Bow, Bill and brawn

And burn and slay all from hand,

Without any grace.

Then comes the Anthelope,

The blind Moldiwarte to stope :

With many Senyors in a sop :

Forth

Forth of all Airtes.

The lyon ramping at the royes,
With the pronye, and the papingoes :

And many knights for to cloyes,
Shall come from the south.

The saddled horse shall be seen,

Tyed to a tree green,

And with a visa la fine,

In a bag shall be born :

Sine two ships in a shield,

That day shall sit the field,

To be the anthelops bield,

And fetch him befor,

The bears head, and the brock,

The beam, and the bloody yoke,

Three crescents and a cock,

Shall come from the north.

They shall come to the broyle,

And knights keenly shall toyle,

For love of the sinkefoyle,

And fight upon Forth.

When the battles draws near,

In their fight shall appear,

A navie of men of warrie

Approaching at hand.

Then put their men in ordinance,

With five hundred knights of France,

And a duke, them to advance,

To be in the vanguard.

And to the anthelope shall leind,

And take him easly to friend ;

Then the Libbert shall be teind,

And desperate of blisse.

Scots and French shall take a part,

With a proud haitrent heart ;

And shall upon the moldewarte

Ere they dissever,

His bow to him shall be no beild,

All his knights shall be kilde :

Himself

Himself is slain in the field,
 And vincust for ever.
 Thus shall the wars ended be,
 Then peace and policie,
 Shall reign in Albanie,
 Still without end.
 And whoso likes to look,
 The description of this book,
 This writes Beid, who will look,
 And so doth make an end.

Here followeth a Prophecie pronounced by a noble Queen and matron, called Sybilla, regina Austri, That came to Solomon. Through the which she compiled four books, at the instance and request of the said king Solomon and others: And the fourth book was directed to a noble king called Baldwin, king of the broad isle of Britane. Of the which she makes mention of two noble princes and emperors, the which is called Liones, of these two shall subdue and overcome all earthly princes to their diadem and crown, and also be glorified and crowned in heaven among saints. The first of these two is Constantinus Magnus that was Leprosus, the son of saint Helen, that found the crosse. The second is the sixth king of the name of the Stewart of Scotland, the which is our most noble King.

B R I T A N E.

IN Scotland shall reign the most noble and valiant chif-tan that ever was; full of wisdom and policie, cruel in justice as a lyon, and fierce. He shall be meek as a lamb, but somewhat inclined to fragility of his flesh. In his time shall be great justice and peace: But alace for sorrow! for by treason he shall be destroyed. This lamb shall make many good houses and fair places: He shall take great adventurous travels: and a little before
 his

his death, he shall have war with them that should be his friends, and he shall get victory over them: But by falsset of his own, he shall be drawn to a place of battle, where he shall get great discomfort, by the which he shall die. Therefore alace for sorrow of his line, which shall be in great trouble. And after him there shall be a chiftan of the kyth, unstable as the wind wavering as the wave of the sea. In his time shall the church tremble as an aspen leafe, and great trouble in all manner of estates: But it shall not long last.

Also the wolf shall rise against him, out of the north-west, and make him great trouble; but he shall not prevail; for by the help of the wolf's brother and the fox, the wolf shall be slain by a water side: And soon after, there shall come out of the north a dragon and a wolf, the which shall be the help of the lyon, and bring the realme to great rest and peace with glory, with the most joy and triumph, that the like was never seen these many years before. For by the sweet smell of the lillie and the flowre-de luce, there shall a chiftaine of the kyth choose forth himself, stable as a stone, stedfast as the chrystal, firm as the adamant, true as the steel, immaculate as the sun, without all treason: He shall sail on the sea, with walls on every side, and that with great glory and joy, to deliver the kyth out of all thraldome and dolour; for he shall be strong as the wolf, wise as the serpent, humble as the lamb, simple as the dove, victorious as the lyon, prince of justice, the weal of the nation, he shall bind his tail with the red dragon, and accompany him with the lyon, these three shall rise against the Moldiwarte, the which is cursed of God: This Moldiwarte shall have an earthly skin as a goat, the vengeance of God shall fall upon him for sin, and the suffering of the great pride of his people unpanished. Also they shall thrust him forth of his realm, and make all the four chief fouds of his realm to runne blood, and after that the Moldiwarte shall flee, and take a ship to save himself: For he shall have no more power

Power of this realm: And after that he shall be glad to give the third part of this realm, to have the fourth part in peace, and he shall not get it: For the will of God is, that no man shall have mercy, but he that is merciful: And after that he shall live in sorrow, all his life time: And die by adventure suddenly in a flood of the sea: And his progenie shall be fatherlesse in strange countries and lands for evermore, because they were gotten against the law of God: For by that generation the realme of England is repleat of all iniquity and abomination of sin. And so the wolf, the dragon with the lyon, shall divide the realme of England and so shall the land be conquest by the power and will of God, and not by strength of man.

And he that is an English-man born, shall denie and perjure his native nation and realm: But yet they shall be as tributers these afore said three beasts, and all wholly subdued to them. And then the Spouse of God shall be glad of her deliverance, and her children shall inhabit their lands with joy in the service of their Father by creation. Well is the man that keepeth his true part to that time. For after those days the law of the Spouse shall be well kept.

But in the mean time, that religious persons suffer patiently persecution, and specially the poor, which have left all for their spouse sake, for they shall be glad to flee to the mountains and caves for their safe guard: But he for whose sake they do suffer, shall redress their dolour to joy without end.

And the Yle of Britaine shall be in all joy and peace, and the just shall be glad in the suppressing of their adversaries: And then shall all good men and women give perfect laud and praise to God Omnipotent: For God doth suffer man to be punished for sin.

And then shall the Owle, the bear with the eagle be destroyed, because they were untrue to the moon, and changed into blood: For by their counsel, the gentle lyon, gentle of nature, was degenerate, and mad against them that was his trusty friends: For he shall be the cause

of great and much trouble, and shedding of much innocent blood, and the beginning of great discord amongst them that should be friends. And as for his succession, they shall never inherit their lands. And then shall the Bruce beware and take good heed that he shed no blood in the lands; but draw him to his strength for the wolf shall await him at an advantage and be his death, and then shall all the birds of the wood sing for joy, that the wolf is made watchman, and enemy to the Fox. For all shall be one in truth and peace, treason shall be known: And the Sun shall shine clear, but the moon shall be under covert and dark, till God be pleased to redresse: The white lyon ramping shall have his den at large, for his stedfast truth that he kept to the Kyth.

And he shall keep the birds in their bounds with all glory: But the unicorn shall couch full low for falshood that he wrought with the raven raling, and that was for their greedinesse and treason that they shall do by the Sea, and under a great hill: For the cock that should have been true was false, and drew with him the Papiago: by which the rose gave no smell, that ever was pleasant to the kyth, and so in their trace they shall draw the best fowles in the wood; wherefore alace! But then let them take heed, for then comes their distresse: The horn shall blow dolour in sound, that all the castles of Tyne shall quake: And the hart shall run, and make little debate: Woe shall be, but it shall not long last: For the wolf with the dragon, and the lyon shall they release, that long lay in their den, and justice shall be had, that was stayed to rise. Then shall tremble and quake the Ittalwarte, and the starke, and the right shall be had, that justice shall draw, and woe shall be to them that no pity would have: For the chiftain of the kyth that God would should guide, and strike treason down on every side.

And happy is that man that may it see.

But happy is that chiftain, whatever he be.



F I N I S.